

Love And Jealousy

Rogue Dark Scribe

Star Wars

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

Anakin gave the binders an experimental tug, testing his chances of escaping. There was none. A light chuckle left his lips after a few moments, letting his head fall back to rest on the chair. What a compromising position for a Jedi Knight to be in. Handcuffed in a respected senator's bedchambers practically naked... oh, how the holonews would rave should the story get out!

1. Love And Jealousy

Hello! It has been far too long since I've posted anything! But no better way to close out 2017 and bring in 2018 than with an Anidala smut story, right? I still think these are hard to write, but maybe that should be a part of my new years resolutions!

As always, happy reading!

From the moment he received her short message earlier that day, Anakin knew he was in for a different kind of night with his wife. To anyone that might have happened across the holo message, it would have looked simply like friends arranging to meet after work for a drink and casual conversation. But he could read the hidden message in her eyes: *I want you*. When this would be the first time they would be able to see one another after months apart, such a tempting offer was hard to so, after attending to all of his Jedi duties — faster than usual, he made his way to the apartment they shared while he was on world.

To his surprise, he wasn't met in the foyer by his wife, but by Dorme and Sabe, the only members of her staff aware of their forbidden marriage. Both handmaidens were dressed in identical heavy cloaks and wore same amused smirks that told him his wife had confided in them the details of what she had planned that night. But what put him on edge was the excited curiosity he felt coming from them. His brow raised slightly, his own curiosity setting in as he had no doubt Padme would ever let her friends take part in their intimacies — just the mere joking suggestion he gave her once sent waves of jealousy rolling off of her... so why then was Dorme's eyes raking over him more than the passing glance of appreciation she normally gave him?

He got his answer when the two ladies showed the two items they had kept hidden in the elaborate sleeves of the cloaks: binders and a blindfold. Involuntarily he felt himself slowly start to harden as he swallowed the lump in his throat. Padme, it seemed, was not due back for a few hours and her handmaidens had been instructed to... help make him *comfortable* while he waited. *Waiting*. Clearly, that had been all a part of her plan from the start. And the handmaidens? He knew very well that Dorme teased his wife relentlessly and her appreciation of the way he looked was obvious so it was safe to assume some deal had been struck between the two women. And apparently, he had some part to play in that.

The handmaidens led him back to the dimly lit bedchambers where a tall-backed chair was situated in the middle of the room. Sabe guided him to stand in front of the chair and secured the blindfold tightly over his eyes while Dorme helped him peel off his Jedi robes, leaving him in nothing but his pants which felt tighter across his front than they normally were. Unused to standing near-naked and partially aroused in a room with women who weren't his wife was awkward. He felt their eyes on him, though he knew looking was all they would do — their loyalty to Padme was undeniable and so when he felt the cold durasteel of the binders clamp down around his flesh of his left wrist and the backs of his knees hit the chair, he sat down and let them bind his arms behind the back of the chair. Confident that he was

restrained, they set to work pulling off his boots. He heard them make a loud *thud* as they placed them somewhere in the room behind him followed by the rustle of fabric as they stored his belongings somewhere in the room and making a few final preparations for later. He felt their eyes linger on him for a moment before the two left the chambers to attend to their other duties.

Anakin gave the binders an experimental tug, testing his chances of escaping. There was none, not unless he used his lightsaber which he knew was laying somewhere in the room. A light chuckle left his lips after a few moments, letting his head fall back to rest on the chair. What a compromising position for a Jedi Knight to be in. Handcuffed in a respected senator's bedchambers practically naked... oh, how the holonews would rave should the story get out! And while it was far from the ideal way he and Padme wanted their marriage to be revealed, he couldn't deny the thought of it happening amused him to an extent. The media occasionally had pieces about his wife's love life — a scandalous affair with the regal Senator of Alderaan, a clandestine romance with some official or other — every rumor infuriated him. What he wouldn't give to see such lies disappear, to have the galaxy know that Padme was *his*. But with the war still raging across the galaxy, they both knew it wasn't the right time. The galaxy needed him to be the Jedi fighting on the front lines and her to be the Senator fighting for a peaceful end to the war. The deception was trying for both of them. She could go for months without hearing from him, listening to whispers about his capture or his death that might, or might not be true, and he had to endure the thick of battle surrounded by death and destruction, longing for any opportunity to get away from it — to get his men away from it. And yet despite it all, with every reunion, it is clear that the old saying holds true. Absence *does* make the heart grow fonder.

Sex between them had always been passionate. But the longer he was away, and the more danger he was in, often that meant when he returned, whatever time they both could spare, was spent in bed with the blinds drawn and the doors locked. And when they were finished, they would just lay there, tangled in one another's arms, basking in the unobscured feel of the other, committing every single detail to memory. In those moments it was easy to just forget. Forget the war, forget the politics, forget the Jedi... that moment, their love... it is all that matters.

It took roughly forty-five minutes before Padme finally entered the apartment. He could just barely hear the muffled words exchanged between her and her handmaidens before she dismissed them. Shifting as best he could in the chair, he tried to get more comfortable for whatever she had in store for him but after ten minutes she still had yet to enter the bedchambers. He knew she was in the apartment, he could hear her moving about and sense traces of her excitement even though she was trying to shield her mind from his. The anticipation was killing him and just knowing she was so close after so long apart, had his member aching for her touch and knowing all of this... *teasing* was intentional, only made the ache worse.

The walls she had put up to block him lifted just enough for some of her thoughts to reach him. Visions of her assaulted him, showing him flashes of her lips on his cock, of her nails raking down his back in throws of passion, of how she would touch herself while he was deep inside her along with many other deliciously devious things she had planned... He groaned

and adjusted his position again, the restrictive material of his pants were tight and tented and the wrist of his flesh arm was already chafing. Anakin knew that if his wife had any plans to release him, there would be little room for rest that night. Fortunately for him, the sound of the door opening came just as the visions had him teetering.

“Hello Ani,” Padme said as she entered.

He could tell from her voice she was smiling, and he couldn’t help but return it. Unable to see her, his mind conjured ideas of what she was wearing, maybe a black lace number, or a baby blue colored set, thin enough he could see her puckered nipples? Or maybe even nothing at all... Regardless, whatever it was (or lack thereof), he knew without a doubt she looked *beautiful* — she always did.

Her index finger lightly touched his right shoulder and lightly traced his collarbone with her nail to the center of his chest. “I hope you don’t mind this.”

Anakin chuckled, “Mind? Why would I mind?” He asked, his breath hitching as she slowly dragged her finger down his body, trailing closer to the tent in his pants, begging for her to release him.

Her finger stopped just above the waistband and the rest of her fingers lightly joined the first. He felt her lean into him, close enough that he could feel her breath on his ear as she whispered, “Good,” before she curled her nails against his belly and took his earlobe between her teeth. He let out a low groan as the muscles in his abdomen twitched in response to her. ‘I’ve had this little idea for weeks,’ She sighed. “I *dreamed* about this — about *you*.”

The pleading groan left his lips before he could stop it, but he didn’t care as she came to straddle his waist, her clothed center brushing against him, teasing him and arousing him even more than he already was. “Padme...” He felt her lips on his jaw, and her hand gripped his hair as she ground against him, dragging her lips across the skin she could reach. And when she gave a sharp nip to the skin at his neck, his hips flinched, lifting to meet hers as she pulled away. A strangled groan escaped him as he desperately tried to meet her, but she kept herself away from him. “Tease,” He grunted after struggling for several moments, giving up the blind search of her and letting his hips fall back to the chair. Her small laugh reached his ear as she kissed his throat once, twice, and then pulled away completely. Anakin felt her shift so her hands rested on his thighs and how her weight shifted closer to him, pushing his thighs to open wider. His mind showed him an image of her on her knees in front of him, leaning her head closer to where his confined cock was weeping for her touch, her tongue, *anything*. Her lips just barely grazed his pants as she gave the tip of the tent a small kiss but fortunately for him, that seemed to be the end of the teasing. For now.

Just as eager as he was, her hands pulled at the laces of his pants, releasing him at long last. His pants were roughly pulled down and ended up bunching around his knees as she firmly took hold of him, pressing sweet kisses from tip to base. Anakin’s head fell back as he let out a sigh. Her mouth was nothing short of paradise. Even from their first hesitant attempts at it early in their marriage, he knew he would do just about anything to feel her tongue on the head of his cock, to thrust up into her waiting mouth, to have her please him just as eagerly as he pleased her. And that desire has never waned.

With trembling thighs, he felt his end nearing. It had been far, *far* too long since they had last been together and that combined with her teasing ways and how well she knew him,

meant it would be near impossible for him not to come almost embarrassingly quick under her expert touch. He could try and fight it, try to draw it out and burn the memory into his mind for all eternity, but he was so *close* and feeling her choke around him, thinking about the vision of her swallowing everything he gave her, dispelled any thought of fighting it. Clenching his fists, he embraced the imminent release and began thrusting up to meet her glorious mouth.

“Oh, Padme!” He groaned, “Yes... Gods, you do that so *well!*” Just a little more. A flick of her tongue, a hard suck and—

She pulled back again. Released from her lips with an audible *pop!* The noise sending a shiver down his spine as growled at how he had been just about to go over the edge only to be denied. His hips thrust wildly up into nothing, the strain of coming down almost painful. And just as suddenly as she stopped, the blindfold was pulled roughly away from his eyes. Blinking several times, he squinted as he tried to adjust to the dim light and let his vision clear. His eyes settled on his wife, kneeling between his legs wearing a near-transparent white silk chemise. He could make out the rose color of her puckered nipples through it and the wide-eyed way she looked up at him made his cock twitch.

Padme had once told him that clothing served as both a shield and a weapon in politics and that point had never been more clear than it was now. The white gave her an air of innocence but contrasted with the sinfully erotic acts she performed on him... the feelings it stirred in him were confusing. He felt *powerful* that he had this beautiful angel on her knees before him... and yet *weak* because the binders around his wrists reminded him he was at her mercy.

Padme gave him a small smile as if she knew what he was thinking, her hand caressing his thigh lightly before making its way to his groin and taking hold of his erect cock. His rolled back as he let out a hiss at the contact, “Oh gods,” His muscles twitched as she slowly stroked him. Her grip on him was loose as she pumped him slowly, adding a light twisting motion. He cried out loudly, his flesh more sensitive than it has ever been and just the barest of touches affecting him. He could feel the pulsing of his cock as each gentle tug reeled him closer and closer to release. He could see the peak, it came faster than it had before and more powerful than anything he had ever felt. Then suddenly, with a hard squeeze at his base, it stopped. Denied again, ‘*Padme,*’ Anakin whined, his voice strained and begging as his eyes slightly watered, “*Please...*”

In response, she pressed a kiss to his weeping tip and began stroking him again, dropping one hand to fondle his heavy sack. His cock started to throb as he slowly teetered, his hips thrusting hard into her hand, knowing that if he were denied for a third time he would go mad. His mouth hung open as he whispered his praise to her, begged her to let him come. And with just a gentle graze of her thumb across the sensitive head of his cock, the most glorious feeling took over as he erupted violently, spilling his seed across his abdomen and up to the base of his pectorals. Slumping back in the chair, he felt every muscle in his body tremble with the power of his climax and his vision blur. He didn’t want to move. He wasn’t even sure if he could. Even just the thought of moving was nearly impossible as he slowly came down from the high. He could feel Padme’s tongue on his abdomen, dragging slowly across his sweat-dampened flesh. With effort, his head bobbed forward to watch her and the sight left his mouth hanging open as he watched her lap up the mess he made. The sight of her cleaning him transfixed him. It was so... *sexy*, so... *erotic*; he never once thought Padme would ever

consider doing something like that— hadn't even *dreamed* of it. And somehow it was even more intimate than when he would come in her mouth.

"Wh-where did this come from exactly?" He asked, his breath still coming hard.

Padme licked her lips and rolled back to rest on her heels before rising and coming to straddle his waist again. Her hands wrapped around his neck, playing with the ends of his damp hair. "I wanted to surprise you," She said.

His lips curled into a small smirk, "Consider me surprised," He said, "But you didn't have to do all this."

She gave a small shrug and said, "I wanted to. We haven't been together in months and..."

Her voice trailed off for a moment and he could sense something was bothering her. "You're leaving in the morning."

"Don't think about it right now," He said, wishing his hands were free so he could hold her face.

"How can I not?" She asked, her eyes narrowing slightly. "The last time you were away for months I have to find out from Ahsoka that you were flirting with some *Queen*," She spat.

"Oh... that..." He started, unsure what else to say for a moment. His last long stay away had led him to the slavers planet of Zygerria. And needing to get close to the Queen, Anakin had gotten... a little friendly. It was necessary, though when he got back to Padme he hadn't been sure how to tell her— or if he should at all. Unfortunately, his Padawan liked to spend time with his wife on occasion, though she knew nothing of the depth of their relationship. And so when talk of the mission to Zygerria came up, so too did the details of his part in the plan. His wife was not been happy. And while they had eventually gotten over that hurdle, clearly there was still some fallout leftover. "I told you why—"

"It doesn't matter why," She cut in, fisting his hair so tight it almost hurt, 'You are *mine*.' She said, "My *husband*."

Now he was starting to understand. A small smirk slowly graced his face. "Is *that* what all this is really about?" He asked. 'My *jealous* wife?' He chuckled, "Padme, my love, my *Angel*... I *swear* to you," Leaning his head to her, he pressed their foreheads together, "You have nothing to fear. My heart has been yours from the moment I first saw you. It's yours. Forever." Every sentence was punctuated with a kiss, on her neck, her cheek, nose, and finally lips.

Their kiss quickly turned hungry as they banished all other thoughts to the back of their minds. If he was leaving in the morning, he was leaving knowing exactly what he was leaving behind and with that in mind, Padme almost desperately pulled the chemise up, breaking their kiss only to throw it to the floor. Immediately, his lips sought out her neck, kissing and nipping at the skin before ducking his head to kiss her breast. Her arms wrapped around his neck to support herself on him while he feasted on the newly exposed flesh. His lips wrapped around the pert nub of her left breast, gently scraping his teeth over it in a way that made her cry out his name. The way she said it, high-pitched and pleading went straight to his groin which was quickly coming to life again. No one else affected him like she did. There was no one he could love as deeply as he did her. And knowing that at the same time no one else

would know her the way he did, made him growl possessively against her flesh. She was his as much as he was hers.

He bit down a little too hard when her hand reached down to stroke him once again. All pretense of her original game was gone, it seemed as they both eagerly tried to pleasure one another. The binders were more uncomfortable now and he could feel the flesh of his left wrist breaking under the strain to reach her. Letting go of her breast, he brought his mouth to her neck, kissing her just under her ear and whispered, "Release me."

Padme tilted her head to lightly nip his neck, "Not yet," She said, shifting in his lap again to drag the head of his cock across her moist opening. She grinned against him, coating his shaft in her essence, the head of his cock brushed against her clit, and he watched as her head fell back at the contact. Anakin smirked, sensing her control waning. In an effort to speed things up, he began to move as best he could against her. With every brush towards her clit, he gave a swift thrust to nudge the needy bundle of nerves. By the fifth repetition, she'd had enough. Releasing his cock from her hand, and wrapping her arms tightly around his neck, she braced herself as she lowered onto his hard shaft.

Breathy moans passed through their lips as the sought-out connection was finally made. Too many months had passed since they had been like this. Too many lonely nights with only memories and their hands to take care of their needs. They couldn't wait. Too teased and aroused to simply bask in their union, barely a moment had passed before they were thrusting and grinding against one another, chasing the bliss only the other could give. The legs of the chair creaked with their every move and the obscene sound of their flesh meeting filled the chamber.

Padme's hands fisted his hair, holding his head close to hers. He longed to touch her, to feel her skin under his fingers, to guide each decent onto him. And yet he was curious to know how far she was willing to take this new dominant side of their intimacy. But perhaps that could be saved for another time. What he wanted— what he *needed* couldn't wait. As much as he hated tearing his eyes away from her, he had to find a way out. The silver glint by the nightstand caught his attention. His lightsaber. A cocky smirk curled on his face but quickly vanished as his eyes squeezed shut and a curse fell from his lips with the tightening of his wife's walls around his member. Gods have mercy on him. His eyes turned to find his lightsaber again, deciding that she would forgive him for ending this little game of hers, and if not, well, she could always handcuff him again...

With that in mind, he clenched his eyes shut to focus, calling the weapon to fly into his open palm. Padme caught the glint as it flew across the room and pulled her head back from him. Catching the familiar weapon in his hand, he flashed his wife a devilish smile before igniting the blade. A flash of blue lit up the room for the split second it took to cut through the metal of the binders before darkness fell once again as he let the weapon drop to the ground, forgotten once again.

Their eyes met and their gaze locked as Anakin wordlessly pulled his hands from around the back of the chair, rolling his stiff shoulders once before letting his hands fall onto her thighs, dragging up and around the smooth skin, cupping her perfect backside and standing. They moved with practiced synchrony, her arms around his neck, and her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, he carefully moved them over to the bed and lays her on the soft

comforter. Their gaze never breaking, he carded his flesh fingers through her hair, simply taking pleasure in being able to touch her after so long.

Padme shifted under him, wiggling her hips with him still inside him, silently asking him to move. His prosthetic arm gripped the back of her thigh, holding her leg in place around him as his lips descended onto hers, pulling his hips back slightly before pushing in as hard and as deep as he could go. He swallowed her moan as they started to move again, the bed rocking in time with their movements. Her nails pierced his back with one particularly hard thrust, leaving small red marks on his flesh, but neither seemed to notice. Anakin's thrusts came faster and harder as he grunted and panted above her. He could tell she was close. The tightening of her slick walls, and the way her head fell back onto the mattress was a sure sign of it. And yet it wasn't enough. Not for him. With a growl, he pulled out of her and blinded by lust, he gripped her hips roughly and spun her onto her stomach. It didn't take her long to understand where he was going, and she gladly rose onto her hands and knees for him, smirking back at him as she shook her little ass for him. He couldn't help the small laugh at the action, and he kissed both of her firm round cheeks before swiftly entering her once again.

He felt her tighten instantly, and with each thrust after that. He squeezed her hips a little tighter than necessary as he started to pull her back to meet every rock of his own hips, but she didn't mind. Blinded by the same uncontrollable need as him, her hand snaked between her legs, fiddling with her nub as she chased out her release.

"That's it," He encouraged, leaning over her back so his mouth was right next to her ear. 'Get yourself there, Angel... It feels so *good*.' His voice was tense as each flick to her clit made her whimper and her walls tighten around him in a vise grip. "Talk to me," He ordered. "Tell me... tell me what you *feel*... I need..." The words caught in his throat, but she knew what he wanted. She didn't do it too often, but when she did, it drove him crazy.

Padme pressed her back against his chest, encouraging him to sit up straight and he did so without complaint and she followed suit, gripping his flesh wrist and bringing it to replace her own between her thighs. His fingers immediately begin to work her, flicking and pinching the bundle of nerves just enough to keep her teetering on the edge until they were both ready. "Oh, Anakin... You feel... so *good*... so *big*..." A low growl rumbled through his chest, pleased by the simple words that tumbled from her lips, 'I love you. I love how you fill me... Oh *gods*, Ani! I can feel you!' Her nails dug into his wrist, as she got more daring in her words, "*Oh-oh*... You're throbbing."

Clenching his teeth, he hissed, "Yess..."

"Are you coming? Please, I-I *need* you... Need to *feel* you more..." Her hips made little circles against him, working him, coaxing his release from him with deadly precision.

Her hand reached up for his hair, pulling his face into her shoulder as she craned her head towards his ear. "Come into me..." She whispered, her breath making the hairs on the back of his neck rise in excitement. "*Fill* me," Her teeth nipped at his earlobe and he knew he was lost. Closing his eyes, he redoubled his efforts, her words encouraging him and reinforcing that only he could give her what she wanted, what she needed.

With one final sure thrust and a drawn-out cry, they came. Her walls trembled around him, milking him of his warm seed as it poured out of him, his fingers pulling gently at her clit, drawing out her release until there was nothing left for either of them and they collapsed onto

the mattress in one great heap. Breathing hard, Anakin struggled to roll off of her, completely drained, and wishing to stay inside his wife just a little longer, he took one deep shuttering breath before rolling sloppily off of her with a groan. Padme followed him, curling into his side.

“You—you realize this isn’t over yet, right?” Her voice was breathless and exhausted and he loved it.

He gave a small nod and a smirk, “I’m counting on it,” He said. “I love it when you’re jealous.”

And somehow his words gave her the strength to smack him none too gently on the chest, “You’re terrible,” She said.

“You love me,” He countered, meeting her gaze.

Padme genuinely smiled up at him, “I do,” She purred, her hand finding his and bringing his hand to her lips, kissing his knuckles and his palm. When her fingers touched the metal of the binder ring still wrapped around his wrist, she glanced down to see the reddened skin of his wrist.

Extending his hand, he called his lightsaber to it once again, intending to cut the cuff he hadn’t thought to cut when he first broke free but she stopped him, her hand covering his and taking the weapon from him. He watched her, captivated as she activated it, carefully cutting through the metal before sitting up to do the same to the cuff still on his cybernetic arm. When she was done, and the blade deactivated, he smirked up at her, “That, should not be as sexy as it is,” He said, his arms wrapping around her as she settled in his embrace again.

“Now you know what it’s like watching you train,” She said, placing a gentle kiss on his pec as his lips touched her forehead. And as their bodies cooled, and reality started to slowly set back in, neither wanted to acknowledge it. Instead, they ignored it and held one another close if only for a little while longer.

END